

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 132

And just when I think things can't get any more chaotic, Jasmine's body shimmers again—her wolf form fading as she shifts back into her human skin. Caspian immediately shrugs off his jacket, wrapping it around her bare shoulders.

She looks up at him, eyes shining with tears and a soft smile playing on her lips.

"I love you too," she whispers.

Caspian exhales shakily, his hand cupping her face as he presses his forehead against hers. Then he kisses her—deeply, desperately, like the world has finally righted itself.

Jack sighs beside me, rubbing his temple. I smile faintly, slipping my hand into his.

"See?" I murmur. "Sometimes love doesn't destroy—it saves."

He doesn't answer, but the tiny ghost of a smile tugs at his lips as Jasmine and Caspian cling to each other.

And somewhere deep down, I know this isn't the end of their story.

It's only the beginning.

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The dining room glows with soft amber light from the chandeliers, laughter and music echoing gently through the marble halls. It feels intimate—warm in a way royal dinners rarely are. Just family. Just peace.

For once, Jack isn't pacing like a storm waiting to happen. He's seated beside me, relaxed—or as close to relaxed as he ever gets—his fingers brushing against mine beneath the table. Across from us, Jasmine and Caspian are laughing together like a pair of lovers lost in their own little world.

I can't help but smile. The air feels lighter tonight.

Jack clears his throat suddenly and raises his glass, his expression softening. "I'd like to make a toast."

The room falls quiet. Even the candles seem to steady their flames.

He stands, turning toward Caspian. For a heartbeat, it looks like he might back out—but then he exhales slowly, the weight of years settling across his shoulders.

"Caspian," he begins, his voice rough, "I owe you an apology."

Caspian looks up in surprise. Jasmine straightens beside him, her hand instinctively reaching for his.

Jack continues, I was wrong about you. About your intentions. I saw threats where there weren't any because..." He hesitates, glancing toward Jasmine. "Because I failed her once. I wasn't there when she needed me most. I couldn't protect her. And that guilt—it eats at me every day."

Jasmine's eyes glisten. Her lips part slightly, but she doesn't speak. I reach under the table and squeeze Jack's hand.

He swallows hard. "But you—" he nods toward Caspian "- you did what I couldn't. You protected her. You gave her back her light. And for that, I'll always be grateful."

A heavy silence follows, thick with emotion.

Caspian rises slowly, meeting Jack's gaze head-on. "You don't have to apologize to me, Your Majesty," he says quietly. "You're a brother first—a king second. I understand what it's like to lose sleep over someone you love." His voice softens. "But I give you my word—I will never hurt her. Not even with a word. If it ever comes down to choosing between my life and hers..." He glances at Jasmine, his eyes burning with devotion. "...then she lives. Always."

Jasmine lets out a shaky laugh, tears spilling down her cheeks. "You idiot," she whispers, grabbing his face and kissing him fiercely.

Caspian chuckles softly against her mouth, kissing her back like the rest of the world doesn't exist.

Jack groans under his breath. "Great. Now they're doing this at the royal table."

I elbow him lightly, fighting a smile. "Let them have their moment."

He mutters something about "dramatic couples," but there's a faint curve to his lips. He's happy. Genuinely happy.

Or he was—until the shouting starts.

A commotion echoes from the hallway—guards' voices overlapping, one louder than the rest.

"This is a private dinner! For the royal family only!"

And then, sharp and furious—

"I am family! I'm not a visitor—I'm the King's mother!"

My stomach drops.

Jack's glass freezes midair. "No," he mutters, his voice dropping an octave. "Shit."

Before I can ask what's happening, the doors burst open with a bang.

A woman strides in—tall, elegant, and radiating fury like perfume. Her black gown sweeps across the marble floor, jewels glittering at her throat. She looks nothing like Jack—her features are

sharper, colder-but when my gaze flicks to Jasmine, I see it: the same defiant chin, the same dark eyes.

“Mother!” Jasmine gasps, jumping to her feet.

Jack exhales heavily, his tone even but strained. “Mother. Why are you here?”

Her eyes flash with offense. “Why am I here? Because my son-the new Alpha King-held his coronation without inviting his own mother!” She slams her hand on the table. “Do you have any idea the humiliation I’ve endured? The whispers? Why have you avoided me for months,

Jack?!”

Jack’s jaw tightens. “Because I had more important matters to handle.

You should have waited for me to come to you.”

Her lips curl. “Waited? How long was I supposed to wait, son? I gave you everything! I sacrificed everything for you-and now that you sit on that throne, you think you can discard me?”

My pulse quickens. Jack has never talked about his mother much, but now I can see why-the tension between them is sharp enough to slice through the air.

Jack straightens, his tone calm but edged. “You told me to forget my mate. To reject her because she wasn’t ‘good enough.’ You wanted me to marry the Alpha King’s daughter for power. And now that I am King, you’ve come for your reward, haven’t you?”

Her nostrils flare. “I only wanted what’s best for you. That’s why I wanted you to marry the Alpha King’s daughter instead of that... mate of yours.”

Jack lets out a soft, humorless laugh. “Then you’ll appreciate the irony, Mother. The woman you told me to abandon—” he gestures to me “-is the true daughter of the Alpha King. The real heir. Not the imposter you thought was royal.”

The color drains from her face. “What?” She whirls toward me, eyes wide.

I manage an awkward smile. “Hi. Surprise?”

Her eyes dart between us, disbelief flooding her features. Then-almost instantly-she plasters on a too-bright smile and rushes toward me with open arms.

“My dear! My beautiful daughter-in-law! It’s so wonderful to finally meet you—I always knew there was something special about you-”

But before she can reach me, Jack steps between us, his tone firm but not cruel.

“Mother, stop.”

Her hands falter midair.

He sighs, the anger fading slightly from his expression. "I don't hate you. But you hurt me when you asked me to give her up. You wanted what you thought was best, but you almost made me lose the one person who completes me. You can't rewrite the past now that things are different." His mother blinks, eyes glistening faintly as she looks at him. "Jack.

I can see the remorse in her face. She's proud, yes-but beneath it, she's a mother who acted out of fear and ambition, not cruelty.

I step closer and gently touch her arm. "It's all right," I say softly. "I understand. You wanted to protect him—to make sure he had everything. But I love him, too. And I'll protect him with everything I have."

Jack's mother stares at me, stunned into silence. For once, she seems unsure of what to say.

Jasmine clears her throat with a bright smile, breaking the heavy quiet. "Well," she says cheerfully, "that was... intense." Then she turns toward me. "My Queen, before I forget-your adoptive mother said she'll be here when you give birth."